

THE LITTLE UNITY.

→* TENDER, * TRUSTY * AND * TRUE.*←

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No. 6.

FRIENDLY SPIDERS.

CORA H. CLARKE.

In the *American Naturalist*, of June, 1874, I find a pleasant description of two pet spiders, kept in a large cigar box covered with a pane of glass. For a day or two after the introduction of a second one the two were exceedingly shy of each other; but after a week their fear wore away, and they were peaceful companions enough. But this amicable arrangement promised to end suddenly, as I thought, at one time, for while I was watching them they ran toward each other; as they met, rising on their hind legs, with the fore legs of each resting on the other's head and body, with jaws widely distended, they appeared as if about to engage in regular battle, but in a moment they dropped to their feet again and ran away from each other like two kittens at play; this I saw them do many times afterward, always ending in the same manner. I also, often saw them chase each other around the box, first one and then the other being the pursuer. I thought then, and still think, they were at play; for never, in any instance, did they bite one another, nor manifest an appearance of wanting to do so.

The only time I ever saw them exhibit ill temper was when I gave them water to drink, which I did once a day, pouring a small quantity upon the bottom of the box; the spiders always ran quickly to it, drinking long and steadily, and sometimes in their eagerness crowding each other; then one would seem to lose his temper and would drive the other away from the water.

Another and very neat way I had of supplying them with water was with a piece of whalebone split fine at the end to form a sort of brush; this would hold a drop or two; I held it near to one of the spiders, but high enough to oblige it to rise on its hind legs, almost erect, to reach it; this either would do as readily as a dog would have risen to my hand for a piece of meat, after the first two or three times that I supplied them in this way, sustaining themselves by resting the fore legs on the whalebone, sucking the brush dry before letting go of it.

After a time I did not need to bring the whalebone near to them. I would merely show it inside the box and there was a run for it, the one first reaching it getting the first drink, the other awaiting its turn. It was a matter of surprise to me that they cared to drink so often and so much.

Persons frequently describe to me some bird that they have seen or heard, and ask me to name it; but in most cases the bird might be any one of a dozen, or else it is totally unlike any bird found on this continent. They have either seen falsely or else vaguely.

—"Locusts and Wild Honey."

BEE'S FLOUR.

Bees use the pollen of flowers as food for their young, and it is very interesting to watch them collecting it when several flowers of a kind grow in a cluster. They go systematically to one after another, until from each they have obtained their share of the precious yellow powder. First with her hard bony jaws the bee rasps and scrapes the pollen from the anther, and then seizing it with her fore feet deposits it very dexterously on the thighs of her hinder legs, which are flattened and covered with feathery hairs to which the pollen adheres. She works very diligently, and does not stop for an instant until she has accumulated on each thigh a bundle as big as she can possibly carry.

R. H.

TRYING, AND TRYING HARD.

KATE GANNETT WELLS.

Do you ever read the lives of inventors? Don't you remember James Watts, how, when only six years old, he traced a problem of Euclid on the hearth with a bit of chalk? He took children's toys to pieces and put them together again, and made a little electrical machine. His aunt blamed him for constantly lifting the lid of the tea kettle and holding spoons and saucers over the rising vapor to catch the drops of water formed by it. But that watching and thinking about the vapor was the real beginning of his perfection of the steam engine.

There was Arkwright, who invented the art of spinning by machinery. He began as a barber, cut hair capably, had the best lather, used the sharpest razor, and made all the ugly men handsome and all the stiff hair smooth. He concocted a hair-dye, and bought and sold hair. He did all this so well that his success was insured in this business, and therefore he could be trusted in other more important work.

You must all remember many other men and women who rose to success because they were always trying. That was the secret of their achievement. Out of all these efforts rose something greater each time. They made every opportunity an occasion for effort. That is what we ought to do. Very few of us can become great, but we can do little things well. As girls, you can set the tables straight, make sweet, light bread, and have your dresses fit nicely. As boys, you can drive a nail straight, and dovetail boxes together neatly; and as both boys and girls, you can study thoroughly, have good manners and a noble character, because you will *begin* by being *patient, persevering, thorough*. Give all your strength to whatever you are doing, so that it will be soon done, and well done.

There is no need of waiting till you are as old as some

other people before you begin to try. Don't you all know some little child who does the family work, and, what is harder still, takes care of her younger brothers and sisters because their mother is dead?

If you want to do something you almost always can do it. I know a young man who wanted to go through college, and how much do you think it cost him to live while there? About *forty cents a week*. He generally eat nothing but oat meal, and drank only water; once a week he indulged in bread and milk. That was trying hard for an education.

I have seen boys and girls studying their lesson, and then they tell me they have tried. I'll tell you how they did it. Perhaps you have not seen anything of the kind. They worked hard over the first half of the page, then they remembered that their shoestring was untied, and they tied it; then five more lines of the page, and suddenly their pencil needed sharpening; as soon as they used it the fine point, half an inch long, which had taken five minutes to make, broke; of course it must be resharpened. Next they went into another room to see what time it was, were amazed at finding it so late, stopped to say so to their mother; studied hard again for fifteen minutes, when something in their pocket was uncomfortable; so knife, pencil, strings, chalk, crumbs and one mitten had to be taken out. Where was the other mitten? Better hunt for it at once. That took five minutes more, for it was in their coat pocket, all wet, and had to be stretched and put by the fire to dry. At last they really do study until the lesson is nearly learned, until nine o'clock comes and they are told to go to bed.

They say good night, and add: "Now don't you think I have *really* tried? I only stopped when I had to."

The next morning at school they guess at the right answer to the question they had not studied the previous night: but when examination day comes, a few months later, they fail, for there are so many places they had not had time to study up, yet they are sure they tried. So they come home cross, throw themselves down on the lounge, call out: "What's the use in studying? One can't study all the time and have no fun. I am sure I tried all I could." And so they live on in their self-conceited way of trying, and when grown up find they cannot earn their living in the best places, but can only do the rough work in some trade—all from want of trying hard. So don't deceive yourself about the difference between trying, and trying *hard*.

Never shrink from doing anything which your business calls you to.—*Drew*.

TRUST.

Make a little fence of trust
About to-day,
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.
Look not thro' the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

—*Friend's Intelligencer*.

THE LITTLE UNITY.

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Yes, "try hard;" but then there is such a thing as trying *too* hard. It is in this as in other things: Keep faithful, but temperate; try earnestly and intelligently, but not over-anxiously.

These house-cleaning times, when so many spiders are turned out of their homes, is a good chance for you to start an asylum for them in some stray box, as you read about in this number. You will find yourself so interested in watching them get acquainted, and in taking care of them, that you will forget all about your usual dislike to them.

This is the way a small street-boy, "all tattered and torn," but by no means "forlorn," gives us a hint of the genuine enjoyment he can take in his small and uncertain possessions—more genuine, perhaps, than that of many who have more. He finds a gnarled and much-begrimed apple in a chink by the sidewalk, which had rolled from a grocery store, and seizing it eagerly, offers his younger comrade the first bite, exclaiming heartily, as he sees the latter's modest preparation: "Bite bigger, Billy, that isn't half a bite!" His sociable philosophy was evidently "go shares," generally, and he didn't look as if he had suffered by it.

The *Youth's Companion* says: "It is noted as a curious fact that no President, from Washington to Arthur, was born in a city, and that only the second Adams was even nominally a resident of the city when elected." A country boy must depend upon his own resources, expect to put up with hardships, making merry over them; have few wants, and, living close to nature, find much of his help through her. While for a city boy things come ready made. A thing too easily gained is lightly valued, and he has little to do but invent new wants. So far as he sees, his wants are supplied entirely through people, and nature is in the vague distance. It is just the other way with the country boy. Strength and stability are products of the country, while skill and variety are of the city.

In the Swiss city of Basel the storks build their nests on the tops of the houses and chimneys. Here is a little fable which makes them out to be as wise as it is commonly said they look to be: One day Mrs. Stork stood on one foot, as usual, looking down at the passers in the streets, when she saw a fresh-faced English girl looking up at her and laughing merrily. For the first time it flashed upon her that she was the object of ridicule, and her feathers ruffled with indignation, while

the children laughed and pointed. The moment her wise husband came home she told him about it, and he replied: "I am surprised that you have so little self-respect. Do you know that those who laugh at others are those who have never seen their own faults?"

"Which do you think is done the best?" is a question often asked after the hour at "The Industry" is over. Then several pieces of work being completed, they are put together for comparison, and the merits of each discussed. Mary's is more neatly done than Sally's, but the latter has shown more skill in planning and putting together than the former. Frank has finished his bit of scroll-sawing with great nicety, and deserves credit, while Sam has designed and drawn his own pattern and brought it out with excellent effect, but has not put so much fine work into the finishing. So we will not enter into that contest of which is "best." One is best in one thing, another in another. Each is excellent in its own direction. Be content that each has individual value. A little street-boy saw a load of hay pass readily by a heavily loaded coal wagon, and with the spirit of "which beat" flashing quickly out, cried: "Hi! the big one got ahead of the little one!" "Of course it did," said his older mate, "the biggest one didn't weigh but half as much as the other." It isn't always size that carries most weight, nor dainty execution that brings greatest value. But each in its place is needed. There should be workers of every kind.

WHAT TO READ.

[From the Ladies' Commission, No. 7, Tremont Place, Boston.]

FROM LOG CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE. Wm. M. Thayer. James H. Earl. Boston. 1881.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES. C. G. Leland. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. 1879.

STORIES OF WAR. E. E. Hale. Boston. Roberts Bros. 1879.

GARFIELD'S WORDS. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

THE PRESIDENT'S WORDS. To be republished by Estes & Lauriat. Boston.

The children of twenty-five years ago used to complain that American history was stupid. The first settlements and the Colonial armies indeed were interesting enough, and we all cared about the War of Independence and George Washington; but then the story became only the record of new laws, and bills in Congress, and the settlement of boundaries, and there was nothing to distinguish for us President Van Buren from President Tyler, or Millard Fillmore from James K. Polk. They were all alike—only names. Indeed, except when election came, with torchlights and flags, we hardly knew who was the President for the time.

The children of to-day can make no such complaints. To all of you who can remember the excitement, the anxiety and the sorrow, of last year, one President must have become a very real person, and you will never forget where in our history James A. Garfield belongs.

Mr. Wm. M. Thayer, in "From Log Cabin to White House," tells, in a readable way, the story of President Garfield's life, and shows not only *how* but *why* he came to be President; how, with God's help and his mother's

love, he made himself such a man that his friends could trust him, and the world could respect and honor him.

President Garfield first gained public notice in the war for the Union; that civil war which brought into our present lives,—the lives of the children who had been complaining of the stupidity of our history,—the danger, the heroism, and the adventure which we had been used to associate with the Crusades and with Walter Scott's novels.

Of that war you of course know something. Perhaps you know Mr. Hale's "Stories of the War, told by Soldiers," the reports of the men themselves who were making our history.

And you may be very sure that no child failed then to know who was the President of these United States—the man who stood behind generals and statesmen, who were doing their separate duties—the head of the nation.

You will find a good life of Abraham Lincoln, by Mr. C. G. Leland, in the New Plutarch Series.

The story is a sad one; and if, when you read of Garfield, it seems to any of you that he had a hard time, you have only to compare his life with Lincoln's to see that he was a fortunate and happy boy. For Garfield had always his mother's love and the memory of a father whom he could respect, the help and sympathy of brother and sister, and a cheerful, happy temper; and Lincoln had to do without all these. But both stories are full of encouragement and example for any boy who wants to make himself an honest, useful man, quick to improve his opportunities and ready to do duty wherever he may be.

And in connection with these lives you will like to look over two collections, one called the "President's Words," extracts from Lincoln's speeches; the other, "Garfield's Words," from his speeches. And when you have read them, think about them.

The only way for a man to escape being found out is to pass for just exactly what he is.

The end of man is an action, not a thought.—*Carlyle*.

Wide Awake for May is full of interesting stories, instructive talks, poems and pictures. It has for a frontispiece an excellent portrait of Longfellow, and on the opposite page are Whittier's verses about "The poet and his children."

Thou mayest as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading. Too much overcharges nature, and turns more into disease than nourishment. It is thought and digestion which make books serviceable, and give health and vigor to the mind.—*Fuller*.

The countless gold of a merry heart,
The rubies and pearls of a loving eye,
The idle man never can bring to the mart,
Nor the cunning hoard up in his treasury.

—*Blake*.

Think gently of the erring one;
O, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but fallen in the path
We have in weakness trod.
—*Miss Fletcher*.

A LETTER TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN.

MRS. ELIZA W. SUNDERLAND.

DEAR FRIENDS: Instead of the regular Sunday School lesson this week, I think you will like me to tell you about the Unitarian Conference, which I have just returned from attending, at Cleveland, Ohio. And first a word about CLEVELAND.

Who can tell me where Cleveland is, and how large a city it is? Cleveland is a very beautiful city, with wide, shady streets, costly public buildings, beautiful parks, but especially great numbers of elegant private residences, with wide, green lawns about them.

As I walked through the public square, my attention was attracted by a handsome stone monument, on the top of which stood the statue of a military hero, and lower down four others on the four sides of the tall column. This monument commemorates a great naval battle fought on Lake Erie, and the statue at the top is that of one of our "American heroes of patriotism." Who can think of the name of the battle and the name of the hero? I think you will like to talk with your teachers about both.

THE GRAVE OF GARFIELD.

One morning the friends with whom we stopped asked us to visit with them the cemetery. We found one of the most beautiful spots for a cemetery that there is, probably, in the United States. We drove by quiet little lakes, under a clear brook, and up a gently sloping hill till we reached the highest point in the cemetery. Leaving our carriage we walked out upon the brow of the hill, from which we beheld spread out before us a magnificent view. Just at our feet was a deep ravine, through which ran a little stream of clear water, and on either side were green banks shaded by forest trees. Farther off, but in full view, lay the city of Cleveland, and beyond that the blue waters of Lake Erie.

I noticed that the grass was all worn off from the brow of the hill on which we stood. Was it the beautiful view which had attracted the thousands of visitors whose feet had thus worn away the grass in this one spot alone? No! there was another and a higher attraction. Here was the spot which is to be the final resting place of our martyred President, Gen. Garfield, and his remains are now resting in a vault at the foot of the hill till the monument is erected on this higher spot. It was love and reverence for a real hero which had thus worn bare the sod. And, children, this is as it should be. A real hero it does people good to love and reverence, and it is right we should, in some way, show our love and reverence, by visiting the hero's grave, if we can do nothing better; though the best way to show reverence for a true hero is to try, like him, to make our lives heroic in self-sacrifice, in self-control, in duty doing.

THE UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

And now about the Unitarian Conference. This is a body of ministers and other gentlemen and ladies who come together once a year from all the different Unitarian churches of the West to talk over our Unitarian affairs. Do you know the meaning of the words "Unitarian" and "Unitarianism"? If none of the class can tell, ask your teacher to give you the meaning of the words and a little history of Unitarianism. I think you will like to know that a large part of the most distinguished writers of America are, and have been, Unitarians. Emerson was a Unitarian, and for a time a Unitarian minister. Longfellow, whose beautiful poetry you all know, was a Unitarian, and his brother, Samuel Longfellow, is a Unitarian minister. Whittier is a Unitarian; so are Oliver Wendell Holmes, and James Russell Lowell, and Bancroft, the historian, and T. W. Higginson, who wrote that charming "Young People's History of the United States," which I hope you all either have read or will read. Bryant, too, was a Unitarian, and Bayard Taylor, and Lincoln.

But you want to know about the Unitarians who were at the Conference. Well, there were some thirty-five ministers present; among them, Mr. Gannett, of St. Paul, Minn., who wrote the S. S. lessons on "The Growth of the Hebrew Religion;" J. Vila Blake, Quincy, Ill., the author of our beautiful "Unity Services and Songs;" Chas. G. Ames, of Philadelphia, for some years editor of the *Christian Register*; Mr. Hosmer, of Cleveland, who compiled our S. S. service book, "The Way of Life;" Mr. Wendte, of Cincinnati, O., who helped to make the "Sunny Side;" Mr. Mann, of Rochester, N. Y., who wrote "Talks about the Bible;" Mr. Jansen, a distinguished Norwegian poet, who has recently left his native land to become a Unitarian minister in America; and Jenk. Ll. Jones, the editor of *UNITY*, whom all good Unitarians, old and young, know and love.

Then of those not ministers there were present Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, of Boston, Mass., who wrote "Corner Stones of Character;" and Mrs. Barrows, of Boston, Mass., who writes many of the beautiful children's stories in the *Christian Register*; Mrs. Cole, of Iowa, who is an earnest temperance worker; and Mrs. Fayette Smith, of Cincinnati, O., the author of some of our S. S. cards, and of some charming stories for boys

and girls. I could not tell you, if I should try, about all the wise and earnest people who were at the Conference, so I have chosen out a few of those whom I thought you might know something about, because they have written for children and young people.

THE WESTERN UNITARIAN S. S. SOCIETY.

And the Sunday School was not forgotten at the Conference. One entire forenoon and one evening were given to talking over plans for making our Sunday Schools better, by getting the best lessons we can, by getting the best S. S. music and the best Easter and Floral and Christmas S. S. Services we can, and by making "LITTLE UNITY" the best S. S. paper we can: But to do all these things money is needed, and the great question we had to meet was how to get the money. Mr. Gannett, of St. Paul, told us how he raised a large sum of money in his S. S. by asking all the children to subscribe a very little sum, only a penny a week, or, for the very poorest children, even a penny a month for the S. S. Society, and then seeing that it was collected each week or month. I wonder if all our Sunday Schools could not do something in the same way? I am going to ask the S. S. children at my home, in Ann Arbor, Mich., to become subscribers to the S. S. Society on this plan; and want the children and teachers who read this letter see if they can't get a good long list of names in their S. S.? In that way we can all help in the S. S. work.

UNITARIANISM.

I have told you about the Unitarian Conference and the Unitarian Sunday School Society. I wanted to tell you something about the truth this Conference and Sunday School Society are trying to teach, because they believe it is truth, and therefore that it will do people good to know it. This truth that Unitarians believe, and teach, and try to live, is what we mean by "Unitarianism." But I have only room for a few sentences more, and must leave this large subject for another time. There are, however, two short paragraphs in a little tract entitled, "What do Unitarians Believe?" (prepared by Rev. J. T. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor, Mich.,) that teach so much of what is central in Unitarianism that I will quote them; and if your teachers will help you to understand all there is in them, you will find quite enough matter for an entire lesson, and when the lesson is learned you will have learned quite an essential part of our Unitarian Faith.

FAITH AND WORKS.

"We believe in faith:—faith in God, faith in man, faith in truth, faith in duty; and that all these faiths are 'saving faiths.' We believe in works:—that the more good works a man does, so that his motives be good, the better pleasing to heaven is his life; and that no salvation of any worth ever comes to any human being except through faithful and earnest work."

WORSHIP, LOVE, AND SERVICE OF GOD.

"We believe that he best worships God who most reverences everything that is high and pure and worthy in human life; that he best loves God who most truly loves his brother; that he best serves God who most faithfully obeys every law of his being—physical, intellectual, social, moral, spiritual."

UP, UP, AND DO.

As I sat a-dreaming,
And thought the world a seeming,
And nothing true,
Or old or new,
A little bee flew nigh me,
And buzzed as he went by me:
"Up, up, and do;
'Tis such as you
That make the world a seeming."

—J. E. H., in *The Unitarian Herald*.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

My friend, your golden age is gone;
But good men still can bring it back again;
Rather, if I must speak the truth, I'll say
The golden age of which the poet sings
In flattering phrase, this age at no time was
On earth one whit more than it is to-day;
And, if it ever was, 'twas only so
As all good men can bring it back to-morrow.

—Goethe.

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows bad thereby.

—Geo. Herbert.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes as if it stands.—Couper.